A one sided parley

To rest you here a minute.

With you and I both in it.

You will, I'm pretty certain, Unless eternity should draw

A New Year soon will come and pass,

We're chums, you see (don't look so stern),

Both smitten with death's cancer,

This annual to-morrow?

Nay, nay, speak out, I'll shed no tear

Though it be death and sorrow.

Dost bring me wealth? I am not mean,

And yet, I must confess it. For somewhat more than I have seen

Were kindness beyond measure, For though she's but a fickle wraith,

Her smile gives all men pleasure,

Or love, perhaps! Life is such woe

When hearts are sad and lopely.

Nay, thou art deaf? Then get thee off!

Grief makes the proud heart stronger.

you say?"

fellers out o

the kentry.'

Bring my lost love of long ago, Oh, bring me her, her only l

Come joy or grief, at thee I scoff,

unted quickly sprang forward.

at this time o' year, right in dead win-

ter an' a blizzard likely ter come up

interestin' fun in th' nighborhood of

enough.

part in it."

New Year's."

suddenly asked Mangel.

feeble kind of way.

"Saturday," responded some one.

old homes, far from the prairies.

I'd kiss your hand and bless it.

If you're polite, you'll answer.

And these few things that I would learn,

What bringest thou with this New Year,

NO. 49

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1891.

1891

VOL. XXXV.

A Happy New Year o You All!

This space will be occupiedduring the year 1891 by the

South East Side of Public Square. ZEB'S NEW YEAR'S CALL.

PARK STATION.

As A Settlement Before the War '12, A Maury Count Tenn., Valley VIIand Who Some of its People Are. On the Duck River Valley railway, and over ten miles from Columbia, is Park Station, and a busy little place it is, having a big extent of country to support it; customers and traders from the creek of waters its fields and valleys and traders.

Samuel Park came to the vicinity when the country was a cane brake before 1812. His son J. S. A. Park is now seventy-eight years of age, and there are not many old men like him as to vicinity. He was as to vigorous capacity. He was born here and his son, G. W. Park, is the prime mover of the regions property, as he is a manufacturer in grist, saw and shingle milling, also merchant, farmer and stock-raiser. Further he is officially post-master, railway agent and express agent. The way agent and express agent. The firm is G. W. Park & Son, and agreat deal of the business devolves upon the real same very pretty resident to the village cluding those of B. S. Thomas, S. e. A. L. Thomas, Thomas Douglast the railway engineer, and the business devolves upon the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Knox, the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the Property from G. Wnox the General Freight Age the Nashville and the Property from G. Wnox the General Freight deal of the business devolves upon Chattanooga rail the junior partner Erastus J. Park, Hurricane has who gives the mercantile department who occupy twen and others, energetic attention, and It has a cotton gi

he is a young gentleman of excep- store, handsome The Park farms encompass not far tor of which is the from 250 acres, and are beautifully Bigbyville. situated and traversed by Silver Nearly all of Creek, Fountain Creek and three by B. S. Thomas splendid springs. The mercantile official record house carries an excellent stock, and mention of last is selling extensively on the cash he owns three basis, which was adopted on the 15th acres, and he sold

The Park Mills have twenty horse wood." He also power and cannot get cars enough to supply orders for logs, lumber and has a complete store with \$3,000 stock, in which are his bruin A. L. Thombest shipping points on the Duck as, J. J. Walker, and River branch, and has the people to Thomas, and all are mept busy. He and all swung into their saddles. As

gallant member of the 1st Tennessee. He is a thorough business man and can always be found at his offices or within call, which has been an excellent characteristic of the Park's teacher Mrs. L. Holis, who is a very for generations. He is held in high talented lady. esteem by all who know him and B. S. Thomas issible in business and a representative stables and barns,

GRESHAM STOCK FARM.

It became the property of Benomi
Gresham, who came from Virginia in
the early twenties, and its grand lofoot. He bis 15½ binds high, weighs cation shows that the men of that 1,000 lbs., if thirteen years old, and time loved the beauty of nature as has paced a trial mide in 2:80. well as good fields and grazing bills.

W. R. Gresham, son of the aforesaid.
Is now the proprietor, and he is making the ground in three minutes. He is a ing it a grand place. The handsome beautiful black with one white foot home stands high, and grants fine and a snip and is Kentucky bred. views, including Park Station, the Halfle is a young stallion of great

The big barn measures 100 feet long by 50 wide and is equipped with mule by 50 wide and is equipped with mule handsome matron; the sails along in

the pens fifty strapping mules are fat- breeding and future raining, as Mr. tening. Sleek cattle roam around Thomas will soon have a fast half with white.

The Gresham Stock Farm shows progress, neatness and plenty. W. R. Gresham is an untiring worker. Squire A. L.Thomas has also some fine animals in "Susie Cheairs" a ball home." When I met him he was mixing mortar, and in him it seemed quite gentlemanly. He is as happy always as showed a forty-six pacing clip after

much as a nickle. He meant to have the song of content kept the Jeff Davis dollar he got at happier than the da the surrender, but lost it; he is now worth many thousands. ABBOTSFORD.

H. AICANE.

lage. The mas Farms, Fast Horses d Fat Cattle. coming from all the hills and valleys and the creek is named after a disastrous storm which swept the water

sulation of 125, s'poses his claim is all right, speshully

ven dwellings. eksmith shop, ool house and Methodist Episco llage is owned of his cabin. Some pesky claim-jumper ose remarkable thinks he's got a bonanzy; but don't

IERALD made yer fergit that they'll be some mighty He owns three. of about 240 that cabin ter-morry." by his biggest farm of 540 acres, A. L. Thoms son Hardin

make it grow and develop the country at large.

G. W. Park has been in the mercantile business since 1866 and was a gallant member of the lat Tennessee.

Selection and all swing into their sadden the stable and all swing into their sadden the stable and all swing into their sadden they did so a pale figure rode from the stable.

"Why, Zeb, you're not going!" exclaimed Mangel. "You ain't well

fluancially and socially he has gained a high reputation as to being responis the owner About a mile from Park Station is Brown Hal, and ather of some

splendid colts of Nashville and

did not look up until the leader suddenly remarked: "They's a storm comin' in which neither man nor beast is sure railway, and miles of Maury county promise. Ris sire is Tom Hal, Jr. and hurried on.

by 50 wide and is equipped with mule pens, horse stalls, horse power and machinery shelters. Two big cisterns have a capacity of over 1,000 barrels of water, and wells add to convenience, while trickling down the hills are rivulets.

In the paddocks are some fine colts from Duplex and Hal stock, and in the pens fifty strapping mules are fatand Chester White and Berkshire mile track on his farm. I also no-hogs go a grunting, while poultry add ticed Durham and Jersey cattle, Zeb began.

Berkshire hogs and big bronce tura summer's day is long, and is another Maury county farmer who has made farming earn him a competency.

showed a forty-six pacing clip after only six weeks handling; a yearling sister showing remarkable speed.

Haywood & Son are the horse of the cabin for cooking and heating purposes. Zeb began picking up ing purposes. sister showing remarkable speed.

Haywood & Son are the horse shoers and general blacksmiths here, some papers to light a fire. Suddenly scratching. If allowed to continue tu-He came back from the army and the 1st Tennessee C-valry without as work, and with the styll chorus and was from his recent illness, he looked citizens are almost ghostly in his tropidation.

> BBOTSFORD. -Subscribe for the

held in his hand. It was a country newspaper published at an interior Kenucky town, and he was pointing to an address label on the margin. It read: "Haniford, Mary E .- Jan. 1, '89."

"The camper must hev left it here, Zeb muttered as if speaking to himself. "I thought she was dead years ago, an' this is only two months old. Boys," he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of energy, "we must catch that camper."

"No, Zeb, we can't now; the storm's gittin' too bad," replied Mangel. The frame of the little cabin shaking in the wind seemed to emphasize his state-"I say we must" was Zeb's response.

She may be along-who knows?" He

strode through the door and vanished in the sleet clouds without, "He mustn't go like that, him sick so an' all," spoke a stoop-shouldered Vermonter known as McNash. "Kerrect, but we'll all perish in this

blizzard of we follow him. I don't know ez we kin git home anyhow," replied Mangel. "Yit we'll try," he concluded leading the way to the bunch of ponies Zeb was a speck on the south-bound wagon trail, and they raced with the

wind toward him "All th' wagin's goes this way," he thundered above the noise of the storm when they had overtaken him. They spread far apart and galloped n. Zeb led them. He seemed to have

an unerring instinct that was taking him to the object of his search. And it was a true one, for as they lashed down a slope into one of those "draws," or ravines, that cross the rolling prairies in every direction they came on a travel-stained prairie schooner, or covered wagon, seeking shelter behind a straggling group of sunflowers, while a team was shivering

just beyond. Zeb leaped from his panting calouse and threw back the curtains that closed the end of the wagon's covering. For an instant his eyes were unable to pie he the semi-darkness and then he saw the ill-defined figures of an elderly man and a woman.

"Mary!" called Zeb, feeling rather than seeing that his heart's wish was realized. but in a moment the rescuer was inside on the first opportunity. She was one the wagon, chafing her numbed hands, while the others were doing a like serv-

Half dazed, they sat up.

"We must git back to th' cabin, boys," said Zeb. "We'll freeze here. They're half froze, now." "All of us can't stay thar," spoke up the Vermonter. "Mangel kin help ye,

This was agreed to, and before the ponies and their riders were entirely out of sight over the bluff, Zeb was driving the team of the campers at a rattling | firmly in a tremulous voice: pace toward his claim.

It was two days before Mangel could piness was something.

"Just to think, Zeb," said Mary, as they were bidding Mangel good-bye, "that for ten years I had thought you as good as dead and you were certain that I was-and to find me and father on the way to brother Tom's as you did -it is like a novel."

"Only I ain't quite so pretty ez I used to be," put in Zeb. "While I am an old maid of-well, I won't tell how many years," laughed



Mangel," turning to his comrade, "tell th' boys to come over ter-morry. They's

any minute. But all to once he looks v. M. Gray, of over 'cross th' prairie an' what duz he ter be a weddin here, ain't there, Mary?" see but smoke comin' from th' chimbly The wedding was held, however, and the claim-jumpers stayed on Zeb's claim -at least one of them did. And the proprietor never objected. Indeed he is frequently heard to boast

of the pleasure resulting from his strange It was an intensely cold, still and New Year's call. painfully clear winter's morning when, CHARLES MORRAU HARGER according to programme, the knot of settlers gathered at Mangel's for their He Looked Up the Address, "Can I see Santa Claus?" asked the

proposed expedition. "Git on, fellers," called the leader, mall boy, entering Fogg's toy-store. "He's not here, sonny," returned the old man, kindly. "Why do you look for "Well. I saw your name on the wagon he sent me, and I thought I might get him to trade it for a pair of skates."—

"Yes, I am," replied that individual. "It's my funeral, an' I'm goin' to hev' a Puck. "D'ye know what day it is, boys? Mamma-Well, Willie, what good resolve are you going to make for the New "No, not that; but of th' year. It's

Willie-I won't fight with Johnny any "Ahl then this ere's a New Year's Mamma—I'm very glad my little son sees how wrong and sinful it is to fight. call," said Zeb, and he laughed in a Willie-Yes'm. He always licks me. The others joined him, and all thought -Munsey's Weekly. of happier New Year days passed in the

The Silly Girls. "Girls are no good anyway," said lit-Zeb seemed most pensive of all, and tle Johnny; "they ain't got any sense." "How's that?" asked Merritt. "Because," was the reasonable reply, A gray mist had risen in the north and "as soon as their stockings get big intense anguish on her features that I & Co.'s drug store; was rapidly approaching. The men enough to hold a lot of things they stop knew that it meant the terrible blizzard hanging them un "-Judge.

A Christmas Echo. Judge (to prisoner)-You were seen by the officer, sir, dodging about the "Th' feller is late gittin' up," noted back streets and evidently trying to one, as the little calvacade drew nearer. avoid meeting any one. You were there-"Why, he's gone!" said Zeb. "I'm fore arrested by said officer on the afraid they ain't nobody ter home ter charge of being a suspicious character. But, be that as it may, as you appear to The blizzard's first fierce breath struck be a respectable person, I will discharge at the inattentive husband. It struck them as he spoke, and before they could you from the custody of the court if you dismount the fine, feathery flakes of can give a satisfactory reason for your the next moment his head and shirt snow were covering their coarse coats suspicious actions when arrested. Prisoner (brokenly)-I-I was wearing, your honor, for the first time a

"If they've gone out in this storm-" Zeb began.
"It's th' end of 'em," completed a commy—wife, and I was afraid to m-meet panion. "But let's hurry, boys. Hustle anyin an' we'll warm a little an' skip fer Judge (promptly and decisively, but visibly affected) -The prisoner has the to his feet and staggered out of the sincere sympathy of the court and is They needed no urging, and in a mo-

ment all were huddled around the bonorably discharged.-Life. Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!! was from his recent illness, he looked almost ghostly in his trepidation.

"Did—did—any of—you—fellers bring this here?" he asked, slowly, and with the here?" he asked, slowly, and wit

JENNIE'S LOVERS.

Somewhat Original New Year's Novelette.

[Introductory Note.—The author desires to call the attention of the reading public to the following New Year's novelette, and to prepare them for the surprises that await them in case they should decide to read it.] stance, one

character familiar to the readers of Christmas and New Year's novels, who is conspicuous in my novelette by his complete absence. I refer to the aged sandwich."

son of the year, when everybody else is in a good humor, to go out in the snow and die of a hemorrhage, listening to the chimes, etc. The poor, old man has been thus utilized ever since. I can remember, and I have assumed the responsibility

of commuting his sentence, so to speak. There is another individual who will not be allowed to figure in my novelette. I refer to the missing prodigal son who turns up on New Year's eve while his mother is wondering where he is. He has reformed and has come home to see how the family is fixed for veal. This year, if I can prevent it, his mother and father will not clasp him to their bosom.

It is usual for many great literary writers to assure the public that the story is a true one. Here, too, I propose to deviate. My story is a lie out of the whole cloth. Nothing like it ever has, or ever can occur. I intend to be strictly original, even at the risk of having my article returned. (Signed) THE AUTHOR.

I had loved Jennie Finklepaugh from my earliest infancy. We went to the same school in a New England village, and passion increased so rapidly that when I had reached the age of eleven I made up my mind to propose of a numerous family of children, but she was the only one I cared for. The

Note-It really occurred much later in the season, but as this a New Year's novelette I have mendaciously stated that it occurred on that day.

There was a children's party at the an' th' rest of us'll slope fer our shan-Finklepaugh mansion. I watched my chance when nobody was looking, and for a burst of delight from the children. having coralled Jennie in the hall, I took her little hand in mine, and said the curtain before something happens

"Ahem! Miss Finklepaugh, I desire to ask you a question upon your answer return home, but life was not unpleas- to which my future depends. I love you ant in the cabin with the campers' stores with an ever-increasing intensity, and foregoing to the fact that I have kept for rations. And then to see Zeb's hap- fain would call you my wife. Let us my promise of writing a story out of wed, and I will come and live with your the usual line. Variety is the spice of folks, for my cruel father might oppose life. our union. What dost thou say?" As is obligatory in such cases, she cast

down her eyes, and replied: "I think pa has got enough children in his family already."

This reply was not as encouraging as it might have been, but when she taunted me with my poverty, saying in cold, bitter accents that she would never wed the man who was not able to provide her with a sealskin sacque, I began to smell "a mice." I did not leave the house indignantly until after I had done justice to the eatables. I must have eaten about seven pounds of ice cream and shabby?" delicacies, after which I went to New York and plunged headlong into the I wanted you to be pleased, though."wild excitement of Wall street specula- Merchant Traveler. tion. I became immensely wealthy and had pie for breakfast, but the lovely face of my first love was not even then out of

After many years I returned to my native village-I were such good clothes that nobody recognized me. In the gave a nice diamond pin, that my wife meantime Jennie had married Bill Boozle, a school-mate of mine, and they had a large family of children. Bill had turned out bad, and spent all his leisure nours (twenty-four each day) in playing ards for whisky straights. I went to the village grocery. By a strange coincidence, as is usually the case in New Year's novels, it was New Year's eve once nore. It was not the same New Year's



THINK PA HAS ENOUGH CHILDREN IN feel gay?-Harper's Magazine. HIS FAMILY ALREADY."

when I proposed to Jennie, but fourteen years later. Yes, there was Bill Boozle, with a than a human organ of smell, playing cards with his boon companions, and he seemed to be the booniest of the gang. All at once I saw Jennie. She entered all at once. But, O, how changed, and for the worse! She went up to him and said: "William, where is that sealskin a New Year's gift for the last ten

turned and went out with a look of such Great Discovery at W. P. Weldridge half-way felt sorry for her-husband, and \$1. when I thought what was in store for nim when he went home where she could talk to him more freely.

When Bill's boon companions heard how he had deceived his wife they become indignant, and threats of lynching dear boy, with pleasure; but you see were freely indulged in. One of them Astorbilt winked at me first. seized a missile, and before I could stay his arm he hurled it with all his force him with full force on the head, and were covered with crimson gore. He had been struck by an over-ripe tomato. Note.-Authors of novelettes are warned that a patent for this startling

climax has been applied for.

The storm of indignation assumed such dimensions that Bill Boozle rose grocery, one of the revellers giving him a parting kick that raised him off the ground. I followed him. He meandered on both sides of the road in a zigzag fashion peculiar to men who take going to the railroad station. I kept on pursuing him. He evidently contemplated throwing himself under some passing train. Then he changed his mind and started in the direction of the station. In a moment I had divined his intention. He had given up the

idea of throwing himself under the loomotive as too uncertain. He was going to adopt a mode of death which, while more painful, would be absolutely sure. He was going to eat a kiln-dried

raffroad lunch counter sandwich. Just as he was reaching out for the fatal sandwich I grasped his suicidal "m and led him away where I gave him my cand and told him that I had come to save him and Jennie from a fate worse than death.

Bill was surprised, but he consented to abstain from sandwiches for the present. I asked him how his wife was "Great Ravens!" he exclaimed, "she

is starving to death for a sealskin sacque. It's all my fight, for she is an angel of goodness. Neer a harsh word from her lips. Les me go and eat the fatal

tramp who has "Bill," said they are not health; seen better when indulged in to excess. I'm your days, and who friend, and I've yot the money to help invariably se you and Jennia Here is \$500 for a lects this sea- sealskin sacque for Jennie. Here is



JENNIE IS AS HAPPY AS THE DAY IS

\$1,000 more to get some wet groceris. etc., to celebrate this New Year's Ev Tell Jennie you rung in a cold deck of your boon companions. Wipe that to mate off the back of your neck. All I ask of you is that you swear off on whisky and cards."

There was a happy gathering in the Bill Boozle mansion that New Year's

Bill's swear-off held good. Not drop of whisky passes his lips. He takes bottled beer and gin fizzes instead, and instead of cards I give him tips on the Wall street market. Jennie is as happy as the day is long, parading the streets in that sealskin sacque. And I am a welcome guest at their house. My appearance is a signal We are all happy, so I will ring down to mar the tableau. THE END.

Note. -I desire to call the attention of the reader who has waded through the ALEX. E. SWEET. Author of "Jennie's Lovers," etc.

Wanted to Please. "What would you like to have for Christmas?" asked De Brute of his wife.

"I haven't made up my mind yet." "A sealskin sacque?" "Oh, yes!" "Or a pair of diamond earrings?" "That would be lovely!" "Or a silk dress?"

"I need a new dress very much." "Or a nice pair of new shoes?" "The old ones are getting rather "We'll let it be a pair of shoes, then.

In Hot Water. Righy-Why so glum, old boy? Digby-We had a Christmas-tree at our house last night, and by mistake when I was giving out the presents I intended for me, to my cousin who is a

namesake of mine. Rigby-Why don't you explain it to Digby-I can't; he sailed for Europe this afternoon before I had a chance, and my wife has been nagging me ever since.-Judge. .

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases." Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, handa, nose, &c., leaving the clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

A Song of Christmas. Sing a song of Christmas. Just the thing to please us Now they all are emptied; Lots for me an I you. Wasn't that a pretty thing For Santa Claus to do?—Judge.

After Church on Christmas Day. The Rector-You seem unusually hapy this morning, Miss Alice-the joys of Christmas, I presume? Miss Alice-Yes, the joys of Christmas. I received twenty more presents than I gave. Isn't that enough to make me

Remarkable Rescue. Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill. makes the statement that she caught old, which settled on her lungs; she nose looking more like a Chinese lantern | was treated for a month by her fami ly physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle, and to ier delight found herself beneficted from first dose. She continued its use sacque you have been promising me for and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she He didn't know where it was. Jennis ever was. Free trial bottles of this

> Puck: W. Fearless Gall-Why didn't you introduce me to your friend Astorbilt just now? Didn't you see me wink at you? Gorham Ware-Yes, and I would have, my



JANUARY: 1891.

We wish you a Bright, Happy, and Prosperous

And hope to have the pleasure of frequent calls from you